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HOB
TURN'D
COURTIER.
A
SATYR.

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HOB
TURN'D
COURTIER.
A
SATYR.

Courtier. FRiend *Ralph* (for that I think's thy Name,
Or I have hugely miss'd my aim.)
This Morning long I've Notice took,
Thou strange about the Court do'st look,
Peeping about thee here and there,
As if thou wer't the Lord knows where;
And wer't dumbfounded with the sight
Of Place so fine, and Rooms so bright.
Say, What Affair do's hither Spur thee;
Or, if I may not do it for thee.
Has Neighbour trespass'd on thy Ground,
And thou remov'd thy Land Mark found?
Or has some Sweet-heart made thee take
This Journey for her Beauty's sake;
In hopes the yielding Fair to Wed,
Or hear what is in *London* said?
Or hast thou brought thy Rent to Town,
To clear thy Landlords Debts, and Pay thy own?
Pre'thee be free, and let me know
Thy Business? Or if I may do
Thee any Service? If I can,
I will, as I'm an honest Man.

Hob. Troth Sir, you ſpeak me woundy fair;
I find that Civil Folk there are
About this Place, but think it ſtrange
That Things ſo ſuddenly ſhou'd change;
For I have heard 'twas very rare
To get a Civil Anſwer here.
But to the Matter, do you ſee,
As for my Buſineſs here, or me,
My Name is *Hob*, in *Kent* well known,
And well belov'd in *Se'nock* Town:
For tho' I ſay't, who ſhou'd'nt do't,
I'm honeſt from the Head to Foo't;
Theſe Fourty Years I've liv'd in *Kent*
And ne'er wrong'd Landlord in his Rent;
Nor Neighbour of his Pigg or Gooſe,
Nor ever Coveted his Spouſe;
But liv'd in quiet all my Life,
Reliev'd the Poor, and lov'd my Wife.
In Pariſh Buſineſs was no Novice,
But Serv'd my Turn thro' ev'ry Office,
And have been thought as jolly a Blade,
As any he that wears a Head;
'Mong Knights and 'Squires I've Favour found,
Was call'd a Wit, the Country round.
Be where it wou'd, *Hob* broke his Jeſt,
And was as Witty as the beſt;
And ſilly as I now ſtand here,
I rul'd the Roaſt at Wake and Fair,
Nothing went well an *Hob* war'nt there.
I Danc'd and Wreſtl'd, ſhew'd my Parts,
And 'mong the Maids my little Arts
Did ſteal their Maidenheads and Hearts.
But to my Buſineſs: You muſt know
About ſome little time ago
My Scyth grew loathſome with my Plow;
For hearing of ſome turns at Court,
(Heav'ns Bleſſings on our good Queen for't,)
Old putting out and putting in,
And making room for honeſt Men:
I've Sold my Teams, and ſet my Barn,
Cock'd up my Hay, and Thraſh'd my Corn:

Put this Years growing Crop to Sale,
And ev'ry Sheep on Hill or Vale,
With Piggs and Cows, and for a while
Have left my wonted care and Toil:
And if I ſpeed, will ne'er put Hand to
Any work, but ſell my Land to.
For muſing one Day in my Bed,
A Thouſand things came in my Head;
That why ſhou'd I be ſuch a Slave,
When ev'ry arrant Fool or Knave
That had leſs honeſty or Brains,
Got more than I, and took leſs pains.
I ſaw how Villainy took place;
And Primps (the only Men of Grace)
Preferment got, while Men of Sence
Were ſcorn'd, for want of Impudence:
For he that hopes to riſe muſt have
A Mixture of the Fool and Knave.
'Twas long the Dice did run that way,
That Honeſty ne'er got fair play.
Your Noiſie faſhionable Fool,
Or thoughful Raskal, Grave and Dull,
With your Inſinuating Rogue,
Were held the only Men in Vogue;
Court Bribes, Law Tricks, and City Cheats,
Rais'd Men to Honour and Eſtates,
While Merit ſtarv'd upon his Wits:
For none cou'd get preferment here,
But Knave, or Fool, or Forreigner.
I ſaw how *H*——— did riſe
By an Authentick Scrap of Lyes:
Prefer'd to Titles and Eſtate,
The Mouſe ſoon grew to be a Rat.
How *B*——— (*lackmore*) by a Fam'd Romance,
From Dr. did to Knight Advance;
How *Sl*———*n* for's Impudence at th' Barr,
Was call'd a Learned Counſellor;
How *D*———*b* (*uncon*) from his Tyneing Ditches,
Got a Gold Chain, for's Leather Breeches:

What Favour Reverend *B*——— got
By the fine Conqueſt that he wrote :
How *A.*—— and *P.*—— ſway'd
The K——and did our Native Rights Invade,
Were *Engliſh* Lords and Landlords made :
How *W.* ſcarcely worth a T———d,
And *H*——— was made a Lord.
How *O*——did a Million get
By large Accounts he made the F——t;
How *S*—— did to Grandeur riſe
By Stamping Lawful Pyracies,
How *R*—by Cheats grew great,
And from ſome Thouſand Pounds in Debt
Soon grew a Pillar o' the State.
Thus having weigh'd the matter well,
Thought I I'll venture, who can tell
But *Hob* is born to better Fortune ;
So up I ſtarts, thro's ope' the Curtain,
Ne'er ſaid a Word on't to my Wife,
But dizend as 'twere for my Life ;
She wak'd before I well had done,
And ſeeing I was putting on
This Drugget Jump, and Scallop't Band,
And taking Ribboo in my Hand,
Began to ask what I was doing,
And whence ſo trick'd up I was going?
I told her ſtrait the very Truth,
And with my reaſons ſtop't her Mouth,
So having (as before I've ſaid t'ye)
Diſpos'd my matters to be ready,
I kiſs'd her, and my little Son,
Set out and trudg'd it up to Town
To make my Fortune, or to mend it,
If chance that I may be befriended.
For thinking, as I told you Sir,
That there was like to be ſuch ſtir,
That Knaves and Fools were in diſgrace here,
And Wiſe and honeſt Men ſo ſcarce here,
Why *Hob* might hope to get ſome Place here.

And now I've told you who I am,
My buſineſs here, and whence I came;
If you can do me any good,
I'll thank you for't with all my Blood.

Courtier. Well *Hob*, 'tis Plain I have miſtook
Thy Parts, as I obſerv'd thy Look,
And raſhly made an Eſtimate
Of what thou waſt, from Garb and Gate;
But thou haſt made it plain and clear,
Thou art not what thou doſt appear;
And ſhew'ſt more Brains, and haſt more Senſes
Than thoſe who make more high Pretences;
That ſhine at Court, reputed Witty,
And have the Name within the City:
And that thou ſhoud'ſt preferment want,
Now Men of Parts are grown ſo ſcant,
I'll Vow and Swear 's an arrant ſhame,
And Men at Court would be to blame.
Nay *Hob*, I find thou'ſt Courage too,
What ſay'ſt, woo't to the Army go?
Get a Comiſſion and a Sword,
I'll uſe my Int'reſt with my Lord.

Hob. Why Look you Friend, as to the War,
I han't much Mind to meddle there;
Tho' I've in our Militia Train'd,
And Exerciſing underſtand,
True Cock and Guard, and ev'ry touch;
Few Captains on't know half ſo much:
Nay on occaſion to cou'd Fight;
But then ſo little there's got by't,
I think 'tis ſcarcely worth my while;
Beſides I ſhou'd be honeſt ſtill,
I ſhou'd not practice ſuch abuſes,
Which all moſt ev'ry Captain uſes;
As He the Kingdoms Pocket picks
By Muſters, Stops, and other Tricks;
And Cheats the Nation and the Queen,
By fattening Whores, to ſtarve their Men.

I fancy to, but darn't ſtand in't;
Some not far off, have had a Hand in't,
As for Her Majeſty, God Bleſs Her,
I hope the Parliament will Addreſs her;
That things i'th' Army may be mended,
And the Poor Soldiers be befriended;
That Gen'rals way be Wiſe and Stout,
And thoſe who're neither be turn'd out,
That no L—d Rake Command may bear,
And Ramble from it here and there;
Nor other Peer again may run
Away before the Fight's begun;
That no fine Colonel may again,
At Home with Harlot make Compaign;
And in Venereal Combats Try
The boldneſs of their Letchery;
But Agents be (tho' God knows when)
Honeſt and Juſt like other Men
That Righteous Ways and Means purſue,
And give the Labourer what's his Due;
That Captains may not game away
A Months Subſiſtance in a Day,
And give the Soldiers ne'er a Penny;
Then puniſh 'em for asking any.
That Enſigns and Lieutenants to
May pay the Sutlers what they owe,
Not Drink Champaign, profuſely Dine,
Vent Oath's and Scandal o'er their Wine,
And ſham *Long-Acre* on the *Rhine*:
As in one Bottle of *Burgundy*,
They laviſh all the Pay of one Day:
Nor Tick and Swear the Lord knows what,
They'll pay 'em this time, and then that,
Of which they never ſee a Groat.
That Corporals and Serjeants Care,
Be leſs Officious and Severe;
That Private Men from Evil Treating,
May have more Money and leſs beating.
But to the Matter we have ſpoke on,
The Army's not the thing I look on:
As

As for my part (tho' not for fear)
I'd rather have ſome Buſineſs here ;
Nor that I do't ſo much for Eaſe,
But all my Family lov'd Peace,
I did from *Kentiſh* Yeomen Spring,
That paid their Taxes, lov'd their King ;
Were held in Favour by their * Lords,
Liv'd honeſtly, and kept their Words :
They ne'er like Courtiers heretofore,
Rail'd at Religion, ſtarv'd the Poor,
Abus'd their Wives, and kept their Whore ;
They ne'er Blaſphem'd, accounted Cheats,
But went to Church, and paid their Debts,
For Bribes ne'er promis'd this and to'ther,
Ne'er took the one, and broke the other,
As ſome I reckon here may do,
And ſome there are, I doubt not few :
The Truth of which I will atteſt,
Tho' Truth is counted here a Jeſt.
Then wherefore may not I pretend
To Live at Court, and gain a Friend ?
To Thrive, look Proud, and Storm and Stare,
With Looks full of Deceit and Care,
With Meaning foul, and Promiſe fair.
A kind of Steward wou'd do well,
With priviledge to Buy and Sell ;
That Cheating Tradeſman of his due,
As other honeſt Stewards do ;
With Bribes and Preſents I ſhou'd get,
I ſoon might purchaſe an Eſtate :
Be Proud, as other Rich Folk be,
And boaſt my ancient Pedigree ;
Build me a pleaſing Country Seat,
And from the Plow turn Magiſtrate.
Then for my parts, I'll let you ſee't,
For any buſineſs I am fit ;
Can Caſt Account, and Read and Write ;
Few here I reckon can do more,
Who only learnt to Count, by learning how to Score.

* Lords of the Manner.

That if I might but find the Grace,
To be prefer'd to ſome good place,
I cou'd like moſt about the Court,
Take pay, and do as little for't.
Serve no man but for my own ends;
Grow out of Knowledge of my Friends;
See how Intrigues were carried on,
And wink as well as moſt have done,
At others Faults to hide my own.
See State Buffoons (at Court Carreſt)
With Favours and fine Titles grac't;
See Favorite Fools by Fortune riſe,
Others more lewd (by half) than Wiſe;
See how great Perſons, and fine Lords
Keep Whores, that never kept their words;
See how fine Ladys fit 'em for't,
And City Heirs begot at Court;
See ſome that game away Eſtates,
And never mind to pay their Debts;
See other Vices practic'd long,
Unminded go, and hold my Tongue.

Courtier. Well *Hob*, that thou art quallified,
For buſineſs cannot be deny'd;
And I'll do all that I can do
To help thee, but a Day or Two
You i'th' Court with Patience ſtay,
Rome was not built within a Day:
In the mean time, Come often here,
And take a Taſt of our Court Cheer:
So having ſaid enough of that,
Pri'thee ſit down, and now relate
Where thou haſt rambl'd up and down,
Since firſt thou cam'ſt into the Town?
What ſights and rarities thou'ſt ſeen?
What News thou'ſt heard? And where thou'ſt been?

Hob. Why Troth, I car'nt if I do,
To ſuch a Civil Man as you;

I find you are not Proud and ſtout,
Which argues plainly you have got
More Manners than abundance here,
That being pamper'd with good Cheer
Forget their upſtart Dunghill brood,
And ſoon grow Inſolent and Proud.
But to my Story, you muſt know
I came to Town Three Days ago;
And as I gap'd along the Street,
By chance did an acquaintance meet;
So in we went, (you well may think,)
As Friends are us'd to do, to Drink:
Where the old Ceremony paſs'd;
I'm glad to ſee you, and how is't?
How for this long time have you done?
And what Wind blew you up to Town?
How are affairs at *Se'nock* carried?
Who's lately dead, and who's Married?
I told him all that I could tell,
And that his Friends in *Kent* were well.
So (to make ſhort) he ſaid he'd go,
(Having firſt drank a Pot or Two).
And ſhew me up and down the Town,
The Tombs, and Lyons, and the Crown
We ſaw, and ſuch like ſights as thoſe;
He ſhew'd me to the *Cuſtom-houſe*;
Were they were working on the Keys,
As buſie as ſo many Bees.
Then up he had me to a Room,
Where Men of mighty buſineſs come,
And powder'd Clerks in querpo ſat,
While better Men were forc'd to wait.
Having there an idle Hour ſpent,
To th' *Office of Exciſe* we went,
Where meager Rogues, with hanging Faces,
Were waiting for Exciſemens Places;
Knaves, Pimps, and Sots, and ſuch like fellows,
From cheating Creditors and Gallows,
Are rais'd from petty Crimes before,
To Cheat the Queen and Subjects more.

Having quickly there my patience tir'd,
My Friend and I to *Bedlam* ſteer'd;
Where ſome for Love, and ſome for Pride,
Had loſt the little Wit they had;
Strange Creatures ſome, among the reſt
Was a Mad Poet and a Prieſt;
But that's not now ſo ſtrange a matter,
I think they're all grown little better:
The Poets Mad for better Rhimes;
The Prieſt is Mad for better Times;
That Audience may not be too Wiſe,
And ſee their Faults through their diſguiſe;
But credit every thing they ſtate,
Whether they *Pro* or *Con* Debate;
Or hold Diſcourſe, or Doctrines own,
Or for, or rais'd againſt the Throne.
From thence we went to the *Exchange*,
Where (but it ſeems, 'tis nothing ſtrange)
Gold Chains and Cuckold's come together,
And Men of buſineſs all flock'd thither;
At each Gate Catchpoles took their Station,
And look'd out ſharp, for occupation.
So in we jumbled 'mong the Crowd,
Where talking of Affairs they ſtood:
Some look'd like Wiſe Men, ſome like Aſſes,
But moſt had buſineſs in their Faces.
Here one who lately had been bit,
Said Stock-jobbing was all a Cheat.
A ſecond cry'd (to mend the matter)
The Bank of *England* was no better.
A Third poor fellow ſcratch'd his Ears,
And curſt the *Dunkirk* Privateers.
Another gravely ſhook his Head,
And ſaid the War had ruin'd Trade.
And here another vouch'd it true,
That *India* Stock, the Old and New,
Wou'd riſe again within a Day.
His Ship (I heard another ſay)
Wou'd be at home by *Chriſtmas* next,
And ſtood devoutly to his Text.

And further as we paſs'd along,
I heard 'em gab'ling ſome ſtrange Tongue;
Or *Dutch*, or *Greek*, I thought t'muſt be,
At leaſt, I'm ſure 'twas ſo to me;
For ſuch I never heard in *Kent*,
Thence o'er to *Garaways* we went,
Where they were buzzing o'er Affairs,
Some o' their Buſ'neſs, ſome the Wars.
One ſaid Prince *Lewis* having fought,
The *French*, and put 'em to the Rout,
Wou'd force 'em to repaſs the *Rhine*,
That ſpoil *Bavaria's* Chief Deſign;
For baulk'd his Project he muſt find,
Unleſs with Mareſchal *Villars* joyn'd;
And the falſe Duke might e'en go home,
And e'er another Summer come,
Be forc'd, as *Wolfembuttle* was
To quit old *Lewis* and his Cauſe.
A Second would have wager'd Stake,
(I think in truth he was ſome *Jack*,)
And ſaid I'll not affirm it much,
But e'er the next Campaign approach,
What wou'd ye ſay if ye ſhou'd ſee
The *Swiſs* Revolt to th' Enemy?
One little wiſer, put his Oar in,
And ſaid, in truth ſuch news was ſtirring,
And that the *French* had been at Work,
And ſlily wrought upon the *Turk*,
With Fourſcore Thouſand Men and more,
To fall upon the Emperour.
Another cry'd 'twas all a jeſt,
And that 'twou'd prove like all the reſt.
So once 'twas ſaid the King of *Spain*,
If He *Italian* Fields could gain,
Wou'd drive the *Germans* ſoon from thence,
And Win the Honour loſt by *France*;
Inſtead of which, or I miſtake it,
We ſaw Prince *Eugene* thraſh his Jacket.
Our City *Jack* had got it too,
What Feats Young *Burgundy* ſhou'd do,
Of which the Devil a word prov'd true;

For *Keyſerwaert*, he ſaw it taken,
Then run away to ſave his Bacon.
And as for *Boufflers*, I confeſs
He hath brought mighty things to paſs;
Saw *Venlo* Taken, and for *Liege*,
Abandon'd it to ſtand a Siege;
And then not thinking *that* ſecure,
Drew off his Troops to ſave *Namure*.
One archly ſaid, 'twas very plain
The *French* had made a fine Campaign;
Which with the loſs of the Plate Fleet,
He Fear'd old *Lewis* was Beſ——t,
And never con'd retrieve the loſs.
Another gave his Head a toſs,
And cry'd, retrieve it; never, never,
He's Ruin'd and Undone forever.
Since *Hopſon*'s Ship had forc'd the Boom,
And Conquer'd *France*, and *Spain*, and *Rome*;
As *Chateauregnault* made Grimaces,
And Burn'd his Ships before our Faces;
Leaving his Diſhes with their Meat in,
Provided for his proper Eating,
That *Ormond* on his Food might Dine,
And with Paternal Glories Shine;
Sharing with *Oſſory* in his Fate,
And Maſter of his Rivals Plate;
While ev'ry Tar and Soldier ſhone,
Suffer'd to wear the Spoils they won;
And with their Swords, and with their Guns,
Fought all like Men, to look like Dons;
And if I may more proper ſhew thing,
Like Rav'nous Lyons in Sheeps Clothing,
Some Wiſe acres, who're gotten thither,
Having laid their Heads (and Horns) together,
Were buſie ſettl'ing o' the Nation,
And laying Schemes for Reformation.
One ſaid, How ſhou'd a People thrive
That did in ſuch diſorders live?
And that it was a ſhame to ſee
Such Vice and Immorality

As now was practic'd in this Town,
And that the *Play-houſe* wer'nt put down.
Another Cry'd in very truth,
Thoſe places do debauch our Youth ;
Our Prentices have got the way,
(For which their Maſters Pockets pay)
To haunt the *Play-houſe* e'ry Night,
And learn to ſell and buy with Wit.
Their Pockets pay ! Says one demure——
I wiſh their Foreheads be ſecure ,
For Since our wives have learnt the ſport,
Of gadding thither, and to Court,
It bodes the City ſo much harm,
I think 'tis time we ſhou'd Reform.
Some at another Table ſat,
Did wiſely o'th' Succeſſion prate :
One ſaid, there did a Rumour paſs,
He could not tell how true it was ;
But that the *Jacks* have got it now,
And do affirm it to be True,
That you will ſee this Parliament
Repeal the Act of Settlement ;
And fix the Crown on the B. P.
Which ſeveral Folks would laugh to ſee.
A Second laugh'd within his ſleeve,
To think he could ſuch things believe ;
And ſaid that no ſuch thing was done,
He'd lay five hundred Pound to one.
Another (ſomething finer dreſt,
But yet no wiſer than the reſt)
Said, for his part, it was his Mind
They wou'd ſome alteration find ;
And that he cou'd give Reaſons for't,
Which he had had from ſome at Court.
One ſipping *Tea*, ſet down his Cup,
And in a paſſion took him up,
Said there was nothing in't but Spight,
And that he was a *Jacobite*.
Between theſe Two, ſome words aroſe,
But very little fear of Blows.

But having canvas'd o'er the matter,
The Loyal Cuckold got the better.
Having waſted there the Afternoon,
We thought it high time to be gone;
So ſtrait we went to th' Waterſide,
And took a Sculler, with the Tide;
Who for a Sice to *Chertſea* Row'd,
I thought the Money well beſtow'd:
There wanton City Wives do come,
And Leave poor Spouſes plagu'd at Home;
And, as I'm told, do often there
Take ſomething elſe beſides the Air:
There Bawds and Strumpets flock together,
And come for occupation thither,
At th' Ship (that there is ſuch a noiſe on)
Were many fine Folks, ſcarce a wiſe one,
Throng'd with a Fry of Punks and Bullies,
Damn'd Suburb-Rakes, and City Cullies.
Here one was Treating of his VVhore,
VVho Sociably both Drank and Swore;
Here a Fat Bawd, and here a Miſs,
VVere ſtealing out to S——— or P—s,
As being purely, with the Fume
Of too much Claret overcome.
From thence we came into the Park,
VVhere many a Lady and Fine Spark,
VVith ugly Faces and fine Cloaths;
A mixture of Stale Jilts and Beaux,
Kept VVhores, and Bauds without a Noſe,
VVere walking to and fro the *Mall*.
At laſt (to make an end of all)
We went and took a hearty Cup,
And ſo we clos'd the Ev'ning up.
Sated enough, with former Learning,
To make the ſame review next Morning.

FINIS.